



\$2.99 #14

# Nodwick™

## MOVE-IN SPECIALS



**TENANTS WANTED**  
FOR REHABBED HOLLOW  
OF HAZARDOUS HORROR

- Talons and ability to breathe fire a plus.
- Same-day credit checks.
- Undead welcome.



DSP 114

Nodwick

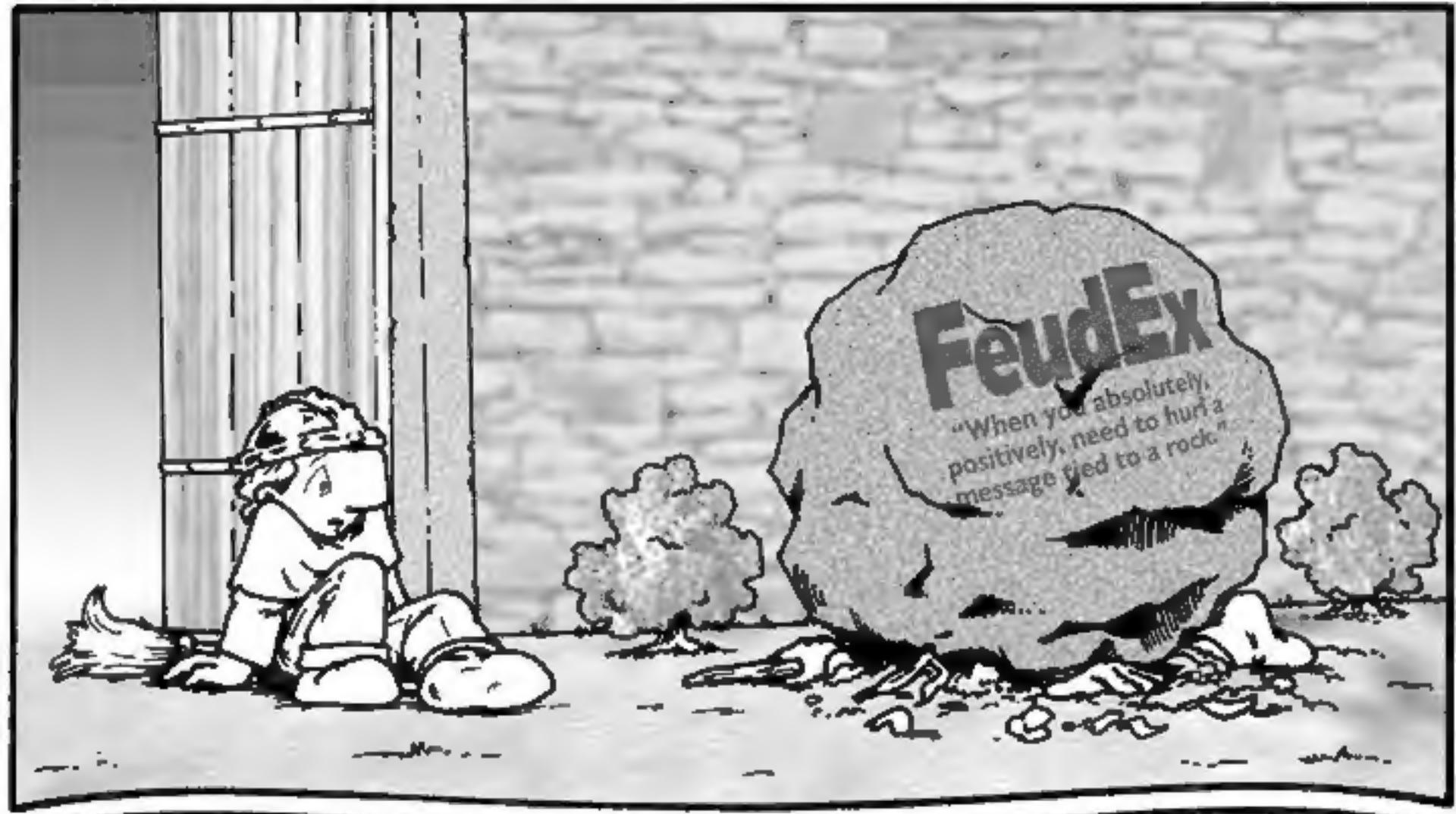
BY AARON WILLIAMS

# LADDIORDS OF THE REALM



SCREEEEE! CRASH!



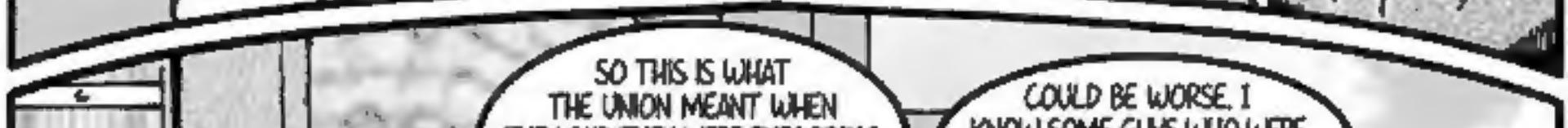


**FeudEx**

"When you absolutely,  
positively, need to hurt a  
message tied to a rock."



MESSAGE  
FOR THIS  
RESIDENCE



SO THIS IS WHAT  
THE UNION MEANT WHEN  
THEY SAID THEY WERE EXPLORING  
NEW WORK OPPORTUNITIES  
FOR HENCHMEN, HUH?

COULD BE WORSE. I  
KNOW SOME GUYS WHO WERE  
LEASED TO A MOAT CLEANING  
COMPANY.





OH, HECK YEAH!  
Y'ALL GOTTA MAINTAIN,  
UH, LESSEE HERE.

"A LEVEL OF PERIL AND  
DREAD CONSISTENT WITH THE  
FACILITIES OF EVIL PRESENT  
IN THIS DISTRICT."

AND WHAT  
WOULD  
THAT BE?

OH, PRETTY DANGED HIGH, HENCHY-BOY!  
Y'ALL GOT THE BAD LUCK OF BEIN' IN THE SAME  
LOCALE AS TEN OTHER REGISTERED HAVENS OF DARKNESS  
AND VILE POWERS, INCLUDIN' THE TEMPLE OF BLASPHEMY,  
THE CITADEL OF THE HORNED ARCHIFEND, THE TOMB OF  
LOST HOPE, AND MY PERSONAL FAVORITE, A  
LITTLE PLACE CALLED "AIEEEEEE!"

EARL STATE

sta

WHAT'S  
THAT?  
OH, I'D HATE T' SPOIL  
IT FER YA. LET'S JUST SAY  
YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO DO IFN'  
Y'ALL WANNA BRING YER EVIL  
QUOTIENT UP T' SPEC.

OH, WELL  
THEN, WED HAVE TO  
FORECLOSE.

SO, WHAT HAPPENS IF WE  
DON'T MAKE THE HOLLOW AS NASTY  
AS THE DESTINATION OF CHOICE  
KNOWN AS "AIEEEEEE?"

WELL, DARN, IT'D  
BE A SHAME TO LOSE  
THE PLACE, BUT—

RE-PUR  
CASTLE TODAY!

Green  
South

Y'ALL DON'T UNDERSTAND. WE'D SEIZE ALL YER ASSETS T' PAY FOR THIS PLACE AT THE MOMENT, THAT SEEMS TO CONSIST OF A DOMICILE, A POKEBEANIE COLLECTION, A SLIGHTLY-USED WIZARD'S LAB SETUP, AND THE CONTRACT FOR A HENCHMAN.

UM, WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN HOMELESS BEFORE, BUT—



WHAT WAS THAT LAST ONE AGAIN?



BUT THE GOOD NEWS IS Y'ALL HAVE A WEEK TO GET THE HOLLOW BACK TO HER OLD SELF! Y'ALL SHOULDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE, SEEIN' THAT THE MONSTERS WE WERE GONNA KICK OUT ARE STILL LIVIN' THERE! AND I MEAN, WHY NOT? Y'ALL GOT 'EM STAYIN' RENT-FREE.

THANKS FOR THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, THERE.

YOU GUYS PROMISED THEM MY WHAT??? FOR ALL OF ETERNITY???

WE'LL BE IN TOUCH. C'MON, LET'S GO.

SHOOT, I'D LIVE THERE MYSELF IF I DIDN'T HAVE A LITTLE OL' RANCH ON THE SOUTH PLANES OF TARTARUS.



LATER, AT THE HOLLOW OF HAZARDOUS HORROR...

LET'S GO GET THE MONSTERS' BUTTS IN GEAR! WE NEED THEM EATING LOCAL LIVESTOCK WITH A SIDE OF INNOCENT VILLAGERS!

DON'T WE HAVE A DIRE WYRM DOWN HERE? HOW CAN OUR EVIL RATING BE AS LOW AS IT IS WITH ONE OF THOSE LIVING IN THIS DUMP?

UM, WELL...

AND WHAT ABOUT THE TWO OGRES THAT WE MET LAST TIME? I MEAN, THEY GAVE ME A TOUR OF THEIR STOMACHS WITHOUT SO MUCH AS ASKING IF I WAS LIGHT OR DARK MEAT.

GRANTED, WE TOOK THE STAR OF ELYSIANNA, BUT WE DUMPED ENOUGH SWAG FROM OUR OTHER ADVENTURES IN ITS PLACE TO ATTRACT ADVENTURERS LIKE FLIES!

UM, ABOUT THAT...

NOT THAT THIS IS A BAD THING, BUT DIDN'T WE SET OFF A BUNCH OF TRAPS LAST TIME WE WERE HERE?

YES... ABOUT THIRTY FEET BACK, I THINK.

THEY DON'T WORK ANYMORE









WE USE THE WASTE  
FROM EVERYONE IN THE HOLLOW  
TO FERTILIZE THIS CAVERN  
WHERE WE GROW ALL MANNER  
OF EXOTIC FUNGI AND  
LIGHTLESS PLANTS.

YOU EAT  
THIS STUFF?  
DOESN'T IT GET  
OLD?

ARE YOU  
INSANE? I DESPISE  
MUSHROOMS.

THEN HOW...?

HUMANS  
EAT JUST ABOUT  
ANYTHING IF IT'S  
"TRENDY."

WE FOUND  
AN AGENT WHO SELLS OUR  
FUNGIDS FOR MORE THAN  
ENOUGH CASH TO PAY HIM AN  
OBSCENE WAGE WHILE  
PROVIDING US WITH FOOD AND  
OTHER GOODS FROM HU-  
MANOID CIVILIZATIONS.

WHEN THE RESTAURANTS  
GET TIRED OF "DEEPLIGHT  
MORELS," WE START SENDING  
OUT BATCHES OF "AZURE BELL  
TOADSTOOLS" OR WHATEVER. I  
FIGURE WE COULD SELL THEM  
THE ONES WITH EVERBALLS IF THEY  
THOUGHT IT WOULD SELL  
MORE SALADS.

WELL, I'M  
GLAD THAT ALL  
OF THIS WORKED  
OUT, BUT WE...

I'M JUST GLAD THAT  
MY DAUGHTER WILL GROW UP  
WITHOUT ALL THE SENSELESS  
VIOLENCE I HAD TO PERPETUATE  
TO SURVIVE.

YOU HAVE A  
DAUGHTER?

AND A SON!  
YOU SHOULD SEE THE  
THINGS MY GIRL  
CARVES FROM THE  
NATIVE ROCK!

IN FACT,  
LET ME SHOW  
YOU...

WE JUST GOT THE FIRST MONTH'S INCOME FROM SELLING HER MORE PORTABLE PIECES. I'M TOLD THAT A FEW OF THEM ARE ON DISPLAY IN MORE THAN ONE ROYAL RESIDENCE.

ARE ALL OF THE CREATURES LIVING HERE THIS TALENTED?

NOT QUITE, BUT EVERYONE CONTRIBUTES. WHEN PIFFANY GAVE US A TASTE OF HOW LIFE COULD BE WITHOUT KILLING EVERYTHING THAT MOVES, WE DISCOVERED MORE POSITIVE OUTLETS FOR OUR STRENGTHS AND ABILITIES.

AH, WELL, THEREIN LIES THE PROBLEM. WE HAD A TALK WITH OUR REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND—

—AND WE COULDN'T BE HAPPIER WITH WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE PLACE! TELL YOU WHAT, I SAW SOME LOVELY PINECONES AND WILDFLOWERS THAT WOULD MAKE A KEEN CENTERPIECE, AND I NEED TO GATHER THEM BEFORE NIGHT FALLS.

I UNDERSTAND. WE TOO HAVE DISCOVERED THE JOYS OF THE HUMBLE PINECONE. THANK YOU AGAIN FOR ALL OF YOUR HELP!

I CAN'T DO IT, NODWICK.

OH, I DON'T KNOW. WHY WAIT FOR FALL IF YOU WANT PINECONE CENTERPIECES?

NO, I CAN'T MAKE THEM EVIL AGAIN! THEY USED TO BE STINKY BAD-NAUGHTIES AND NOW THEY'RE ARTISTS AND FARMERS AND STUFF!

WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULD GO LOOK AT THE OTHER PLACES WE'RE BEING MEASURED AGAINST. PERHAPS THEY AREN'T AS BAD AS DYBBUK MAKES THEM OUT TO BE.

THAT'S THE  
SPIRIT! I KNEW  
SOME OF MY SUNNY  
DISPOSITION WOULD  
RUB OFF ON YOU!

I KNOW.  
IT'S REALLY  
STARTING TO  
SCARE ME.

OKAY, I  
THINK I'VE  
CREATED A  
DESICCIATE  
AND DECAY  
SPELL THAT  
SHOULD MAKE  
THIS PLACE AS  
LIVABLE AS  
YOUR SOCK  
DRAWER.

AN' THEN AH'M A-  
GONNA GIVE IT TH' SPECIAL  
(HIC) RANSHACKED LOOK.  
THIS'LL BE GREAT!

THIS IS GOING  
TO BE HARDER THAN  
I THOUGHT.

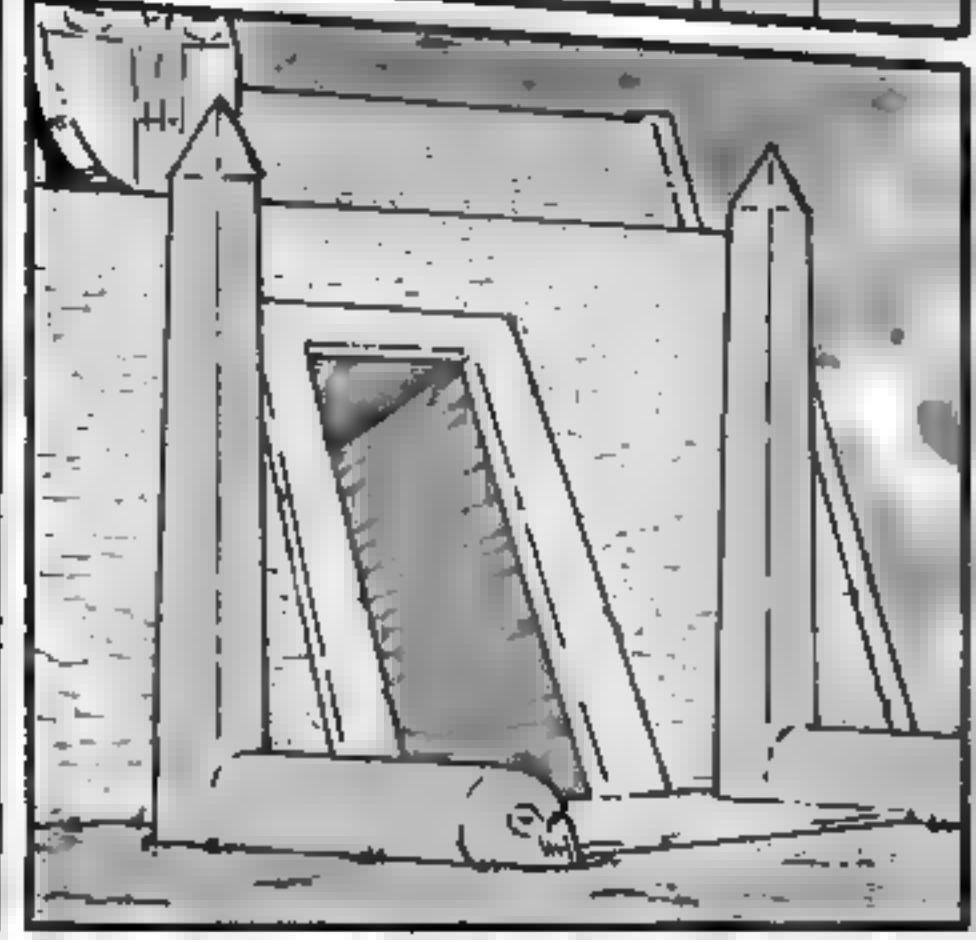
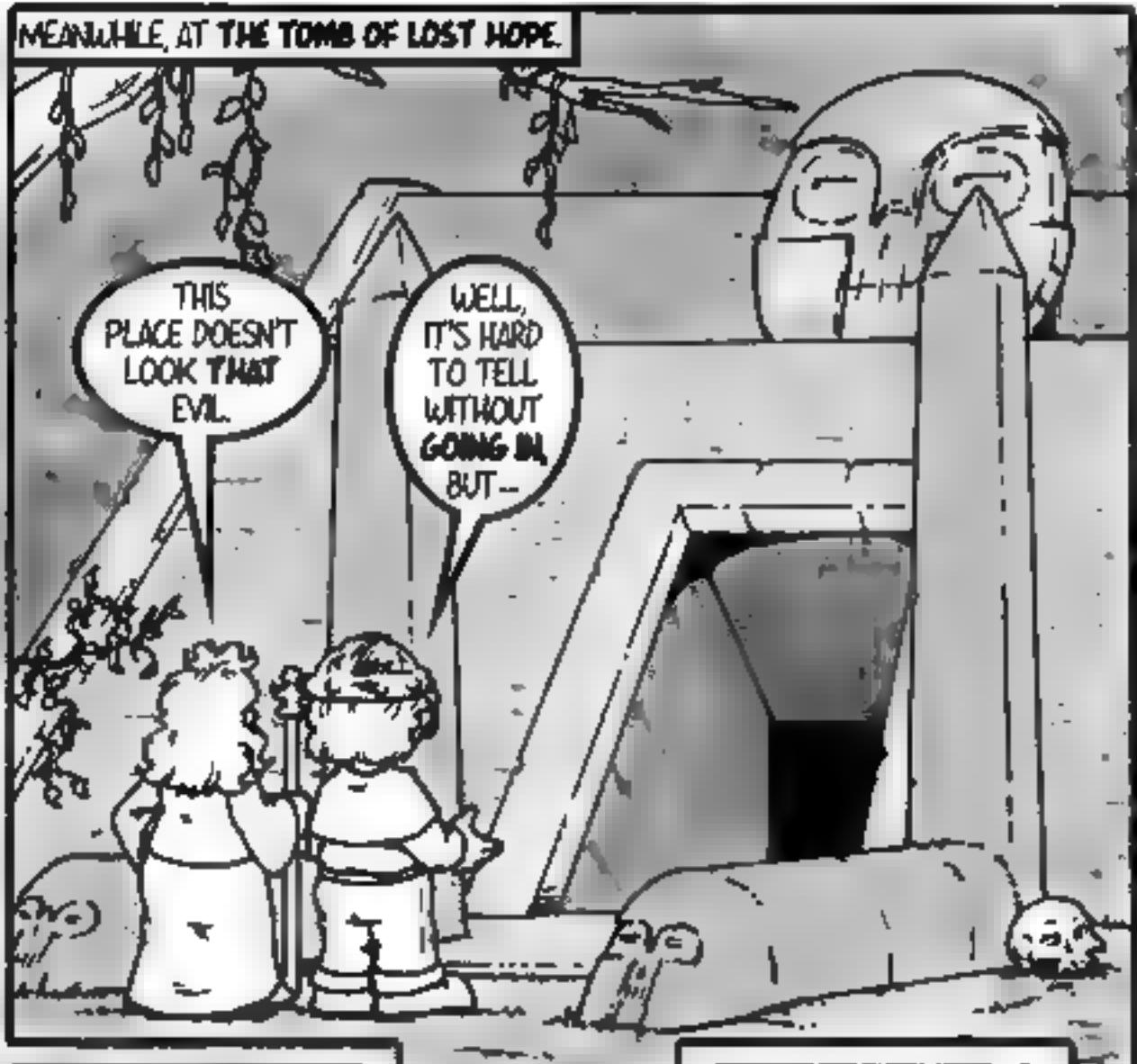
YOU MEAN THE  
YARD WERE GOING TO  
LOSE IF THIS PLACE  
STAYS A "POTTERY  
CANNON"?

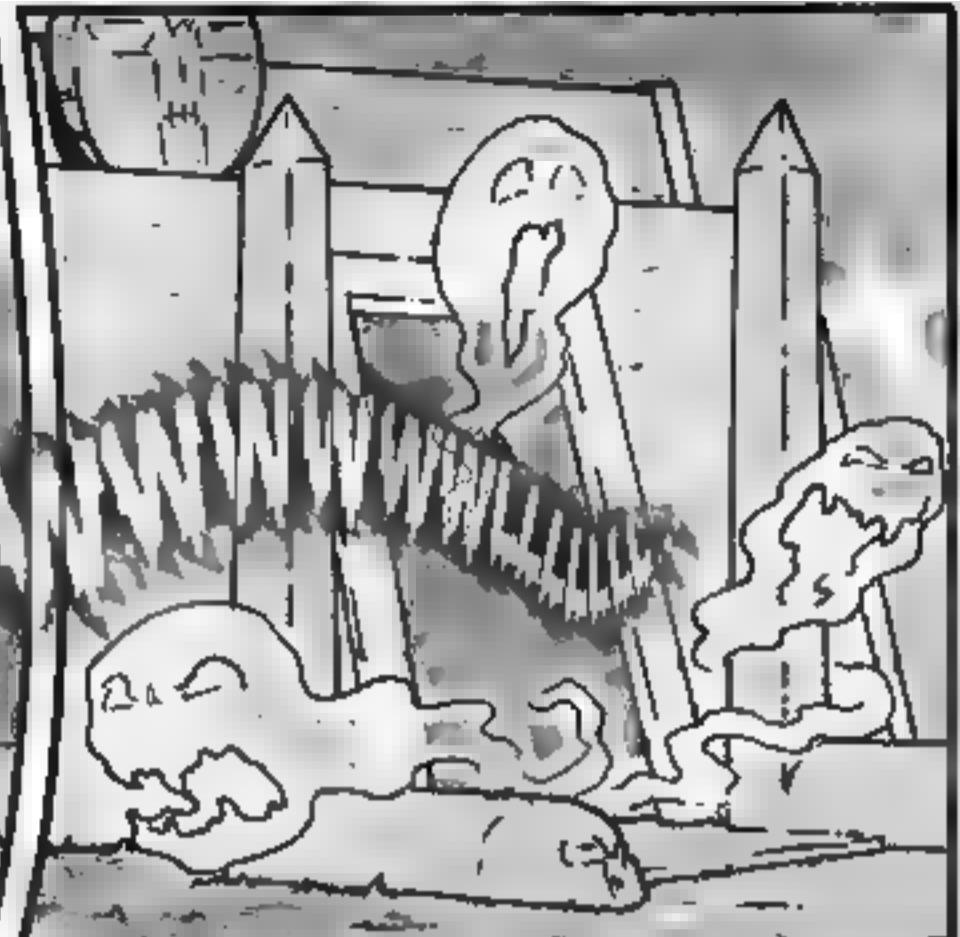
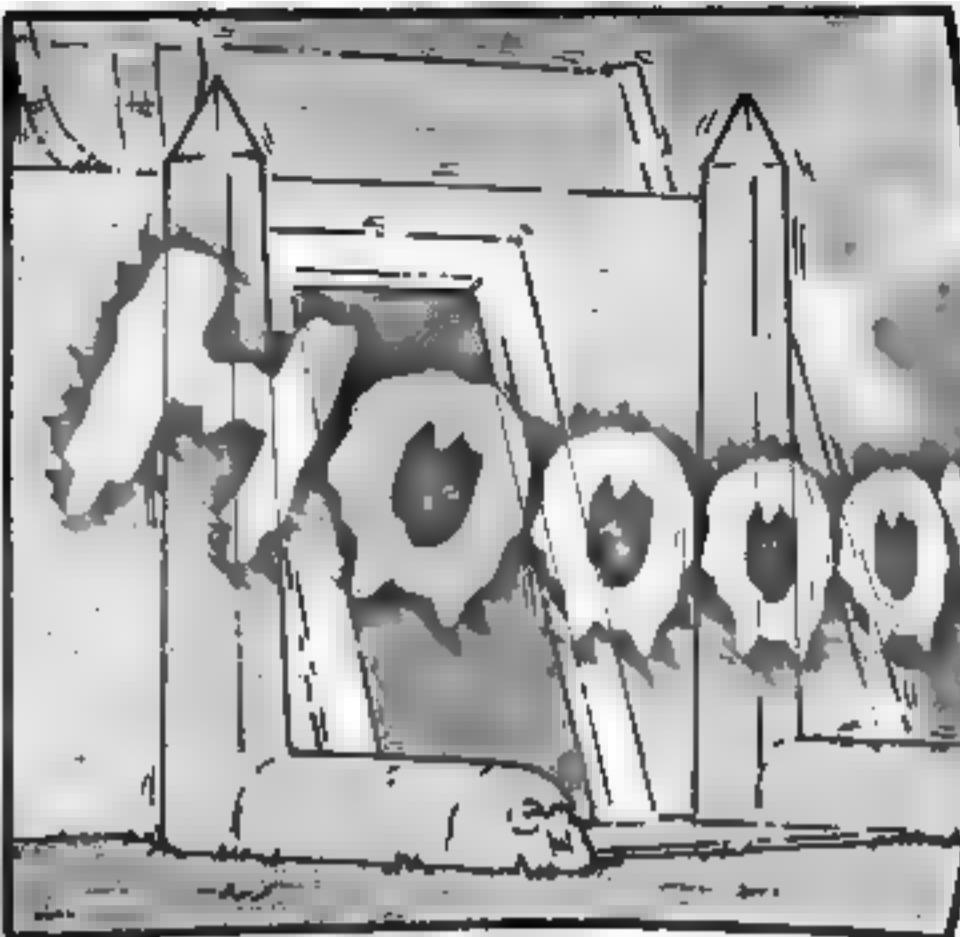
YEAH, BUT  
THEEZ'L LOOK  
GREAT IN TH'  
YARD.

YEAH.  
THA' YARD'L  
LOOK  
SCHLUCK!

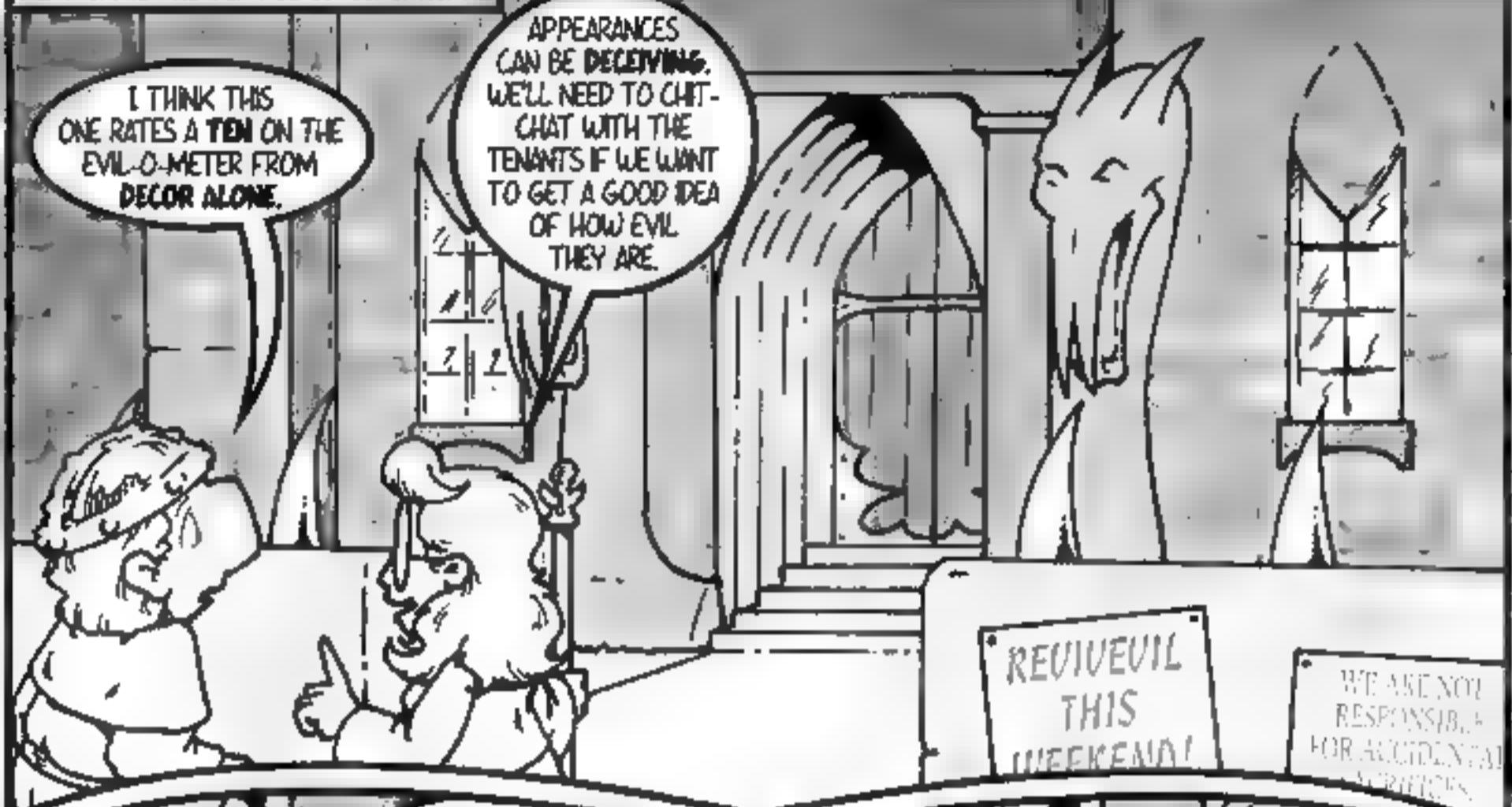
OGRE-  
GANIC  
FOODS

MEANWHILE, AT THE TOMB OF LOST HOPE.





NEXT CAME THE TEMPLE OF BLASPHEMY...



THAT'LL  
BE ENOUGH OF  
THAT.

BINK!

C'MON, NODWICK!  
WE'VE GOT MORE PLACES  
TO EXPLORE!

THE CITADEL OF THE HORNED ARCHFIEND.

I DON'T SUPPOSE  
WE CAN LEARN FROM PAST  
EXPERIENCE AND...

OH, I  
HAVE A PLAN  
FOR THIS ONE!  
LET'S GO!

MY LORD,  
SOME FOOLS WISH  
TO PETITION YOUR  
COURT.

IT HAS BEEN A  
WHILE SINCE I SENT SOME  
VICTIMS SCREAMING INTO  
THE UNDERHALLS. BRING  
THEM TO ME.

I PRESENT  
BEFORE OUR GREAT  
AND TERRIBLE  
HORNED LORD,  
PIFFAH THE CLERIC  
AND HER PET!

I'M  
YOUR—?

IT WAS THE  
BEST OPTION  
THEY GAVE ME  
THEIR ADMITTANCE  
QUESTIONNAIRE  
IS REALLY  
DISTURBING...

WHY DO YOU COME  
BEFORE ME KNOWING FULL  
WELL THAT YOUR FATE WILL  
BE SEALED BEFORE THE  
SUN SETS?

OH, I JUST  
REMEMBERED THAT I HAVE  
A BUNCH OF T.G.I. FEUDAL'S  
COUPONS THAT EXPIRE IN  
A FEW MINUTES, SO—

WE JUST MOVED INTO THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD, AND WE WANTED TO  
STOP AND SAY "HI" TO THE PEOPLE  
WHO WE'D BE RUBBING SHOULDER-  
PLATES WITH.

NEIGHBORHOOD?  
WHAT—?

YOU'VE HEARD OF THE HOLLOW OF HAZARDOUS HORROR? THAT'S US. WE WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF REMODELING AND WE THOUGHT TO OURSELVES, "WHY, WHO WILL WE EVER GO TO IF WE NEED TO BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR?"

WE HAVE NO SUGAR HERE. ALL WE HAVE IS THE SWEET TASTE OF DESPAIR--

SO TO MAKE SURE WE START THINGS OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT, I BROUGHT ALONG SOME MONK-MUNCHIES AND SISTER-SCOUT COOKIES!

ARE ANY OF THESE THE CHOCOLATE MINT ONES?

WOW! WE MADE IT OUT ALIVE! THOSE GUYS WEREN'T SO BAD, I GUESS...

OH, NO! THEY WERE MASSIVELY EVIL!

DIDN'T YOU NOTICE HOW THEY DRANK WATER WITH THEIR COOKIES RATHER THAN MILK? IF EVER THERE WAS A GREATER SIGN OF COMPLETE AND TOTAL CORRUPTION, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS!

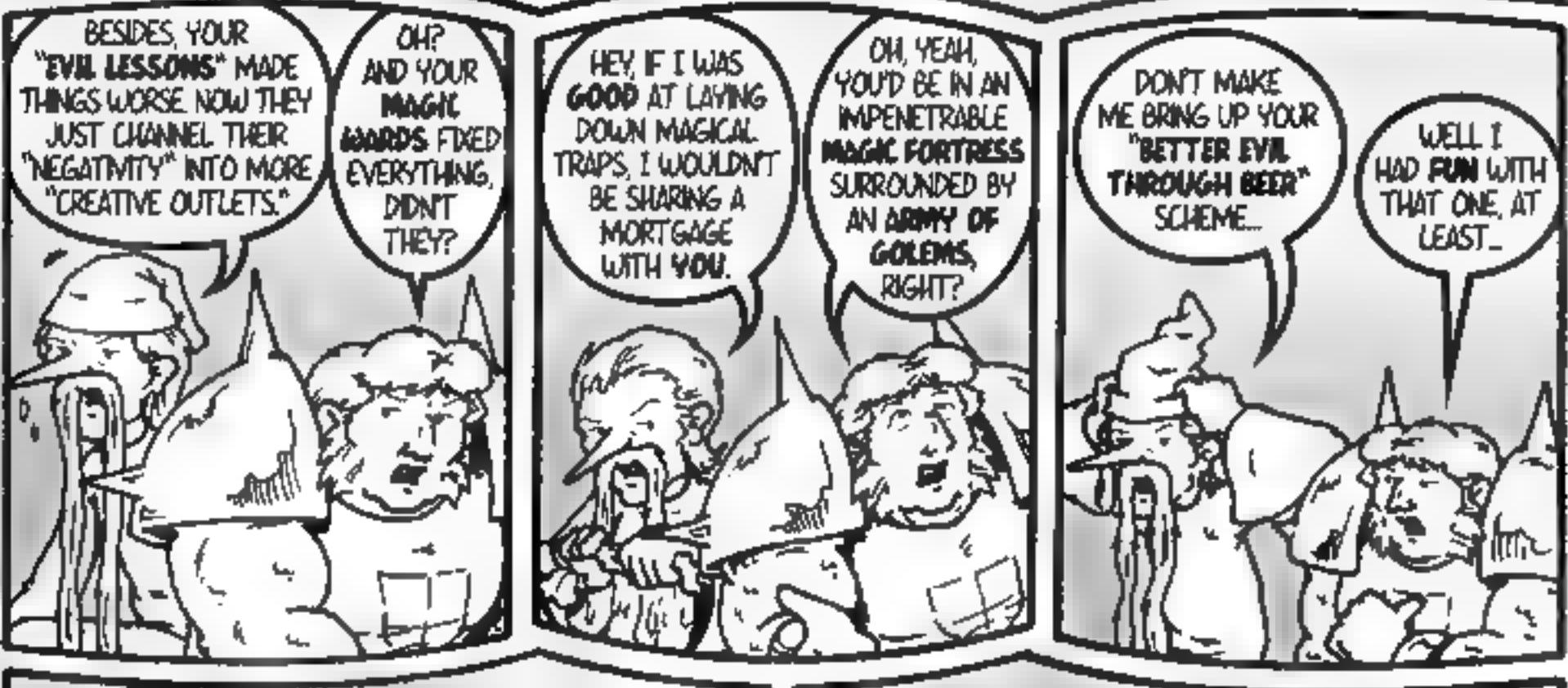
ON TO THE NEXT DEN OF NAUGHTINESS!

WAIT, SO THREATENING TO FEED US TO AN ABYSSAL LURKER ISN'T AS GREAT A CHARACTER FLAW AS CHOOSING THE WRONG BEVERAGE?

HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE HOLLOW...

WELL THAT DIDN'T WORK, EITHER

OKAY, GOLEMS AREN'T MY STRONG SUIT. BESIDES, I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D MAKE THEM INTO GARDEN ACCESSORIES...



AND WHERE HAVE YOU TWO BEEN?

MEETING THE NEIGHBORS, SWAPPING RECIPES, FEEDING THE PETS, YOU KNOW...

WERE SO IN TROUBLE, GUYS...

EVIL IS SO STRONG IN THE AREA AROUND HERE!

YOU'D HAVE TO OPEN A KITTEN CANNERY TO OUT-BAD THAT "ANEEEEE" PLACE.

NOW THERE'S AN IDEA! ARTAX, IF YOU DRAW UP THE PLANS...

THEN IT'S HOPELESS. WE'LL NEVER GET THE HOLLOW BACK TO ITS EVIL SELF.

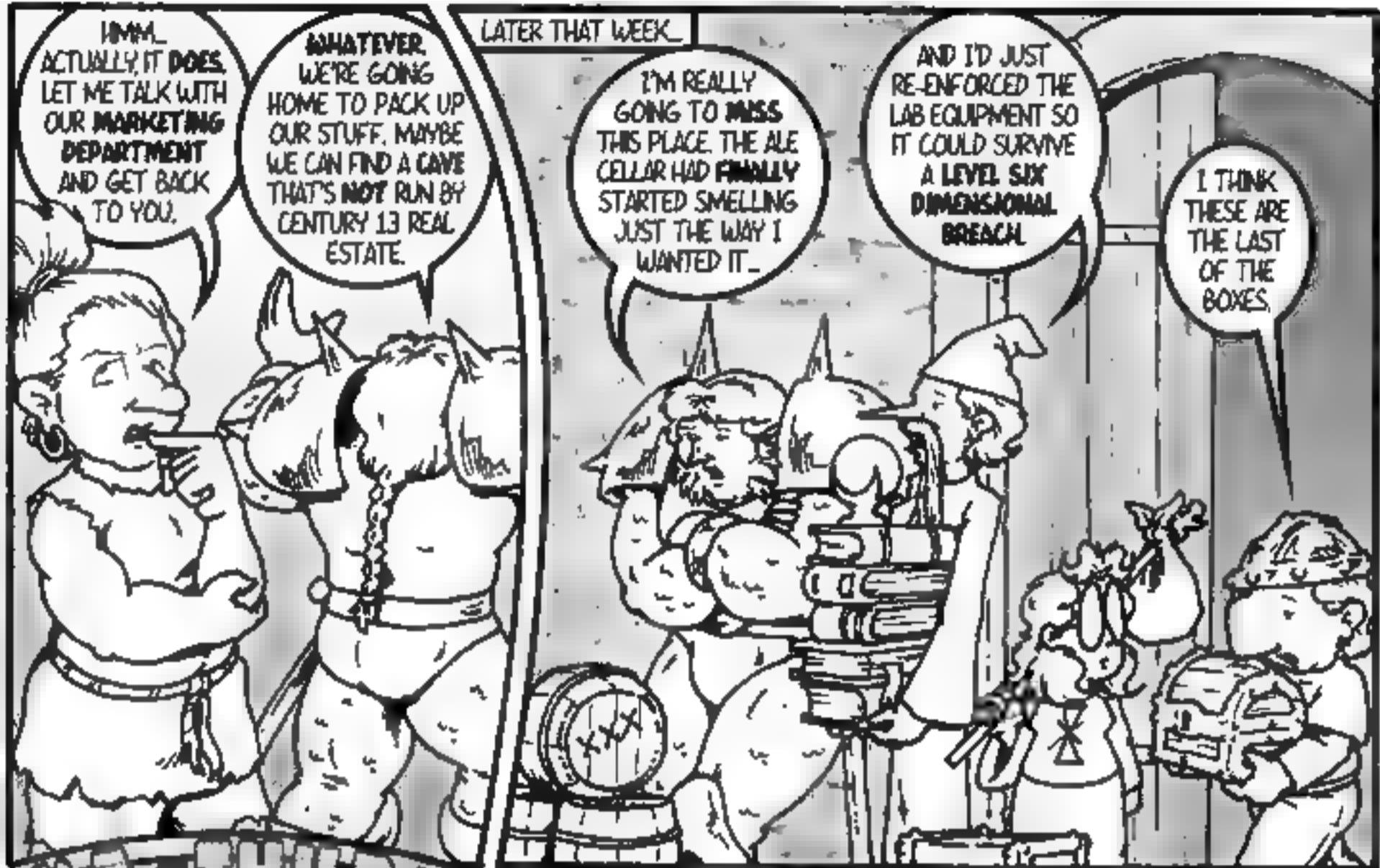
WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO DO THAT?

WHAT?

JEEZE, YOU PEOPLE JUST GO TO PIECES AT THE SIGHT OF SOME DUMB EYES, DON'T YOU?

IT'S LIKE THIS, KID. WE OWN THE DUMP YOU LIVE IN, BUT SINCE OUR PAL HERE MADE IT A CRAFT COMMUNE FOR WAYWARD MONSTERS, OUR REAL ESTATE AGENT IS GOING TO FORECLOSE ON NOT ONLY YOUR HOME, BUT OURS AS WELL.

WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE LIVING ON THE STREETS IF WE CAN'T MAKE THE HOLLOW AS EVIL AS THE OTHER PLACES HOUSING CREATURES WHO ARE EVEN LESS ATTRACTIVE THAN YOU. DOES THAT SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU?







AS CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER OF THE HOLLOW OF HAZARDOUS HORROR, I ACCEPT! JUST SEND ME THE PAPERWORK AND WE'LL CLOSE THE DEAL!

FEUDAL EXPRESS?

NAH, WHY PAY SOMEONE ELSE FOR WHAT YOU'VE GOT THE EQUIPMENT TO DO YOURSELF?

IT ALL WORKED OUT FOR THE BEST!

MUCH TO MY SURPRISE AND AMAZEMENT, IT DID!

WELL, EXCEPT FOR DYBBUK. I BET WHOEVER HE WORKS FOR WILL WANT HIS HORNS ON A PLATTER.

THAT NIGHT, IN A FORGOTTEN CAVERN...

MY MINIONS HAVE ALL FORSAKEN ME TO MAKE TRINKETS! THEY FORGE FURNITURE WHERE THEY USED TO FORGE FEAR!

MY TOMB IS MORE VIOLATED THAN I COULD HAVE EVER IMAGINED. MY OWN BURIAL CHAMBER IS NOW USED FOR PRODUCT STORAGE.

I FEAR THE GODS OF DARKNESS HAVE LEFT MY TEMPLE. MY EX-FOLLOWERS NOW WORSHIP THE DEITIES OF COMMERCE AND "WORKER PRODUCTIVITY." GOOD'S LIGHT HAS FALLEN ACROSS THE LAND, AND IT IS SPREADING...



FEAR NOT, WHETHER OR NOT YOU  
KNOW IT, YOU SERVE ME OR MY ENDS, AND  
I BRING YOU A MESSAGE OF HOPE...

MY TIME  
IS COMING.  
DARKNESS SHALL  
RISE...

AND THE FIRST  
SIGN OF THIS IS  
NIGHT...

Aaron

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&  
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